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ENGLAND'S LIGHTHOUSES.
The Seven Districts Are Controlled by a Board Known as the "Elder Brethren."

The lighthouse service of England is controlled by a board composed of thirteen "elder brethren." When a vacancy occurs one of the "younger brethren" is selected by the "elder brethren" to fill it. The position is for life, and the salary is \$500 a year. Any commanding officer of the navy or master of the merchant marine is eligible for election as one of the "younger brethren" by the "elder brethren." There is no salary attached to the position, but they are eligible for election as one of the "elder brethren."

England is divided into seven lighthouse districts, each in charge of a superintendent. The superintendents are persons who enter the service as apprentices at the age of thirteen and have worked up to the position of master on board of a steam tender. They are selected for the position of superintendent by the "elder brethren."

Lightkeepers are appointed for life. They enter the service between the ages of nineteen and twenty-eight, and their salaries are regulated according to length of service and not according to station. Lightkeepers as well as the other employees of the lighthouse service are pensioned when too old to perform duty. There is a regular lightship service, also for life, and the officers are selected from the men. The men enter between the ages of nineteen and twenty-eight, but must have been at sea. They are then eligible to work up to lampighter, mate and master. These men are pensioned when too old to serve.

BIZET AND HALEVY.
The Story of the Origin of a Popular Air in "Carmen."

Bizet, the composer of the world famous opera "Carmen," and Halevy, his librettist, once occupied apartments whose outer doors opened on the same landing. As soon as he had finished an air Bizet would hasten to submit it to his neighbor, who subjected it to the most severe criticism. From morning to night the piano resounded in the composer's apartments. One night Bizet finished a dramatic bit in which he flattered himself he had successfully sketched the pride of a triumphant torreador after a successful bullfight. But Halevy listened in silence and showed but a moderate enthusiasm. Bizet, somewhat piqued, asked the cause of this coldness.

"It's good, I admit," said Halevy. "In fact, it's too good. It lacks movement; it lacks snap—in short, it's not popular enough."

"Not popular enough!" shouted the piqued composer. "Do you want to write for the slugs?" He went out in a huff, but soon relented and in an hour returned with another air. "Listen to this," said he. "Here is my torreador idea written down to your popular level." It was indeed the song of the torreador and the only one which on the first night received an encore and seemed to move the first night audience from his torpor.

Speak For Yourself, John.
The Lord Leicester of a century ago had no sons by his first marriage and, being well on in years, was anxious to see his heir apparent, a nephew, happily wedded. His wish was that a charming daughter of his neighbor, the Earl of Albemarle, should be the future Lady Leicester. With her and her sisters he used to enjoy his morning rides. One morning she came alone, and during the ride he asked, thinking to forward his nephew's interests, "Anne, my dear, how should you like to be mistress of Holkham?" "There is nothing I should like better," she replied. "Then I shall send my nephew William to court you," said the earl, glad that the fates seemed to favor his project. But the lady calmly and gravely answered, "I shall never be mistress of Holkham on those terms." "Why," exclaimed the astonished old gentleman, looking the lady hard in the face, "you don't mean to say you would marry me!" "Yes, indeed I would," was the answer, "and nothing I should wish better." And as a consequence the nephew did not succeed to the earldom.—London Chronicle.

Perseverance.
Timour, the great Asiatic conqueror, commonly known by the name of Tamerlane, had extraordinary perseverance. No difficulties ever led him to recede from what he had once undertaken, and he often persisted in his efforts under circumstances which led all around him to despair. On such occasions he used to relate to his friend an anecdote of his early life. "I once," he said, "was forced to take shelter from my enemies in a ruined building, where I sat alone many hours. Desiring to divert my mind from my hopeless condition, I fixed my eyes on an ant that was carrying a grain of corn larger than itself up a high wall. I numbered the efforts it made to accomplish this object. The grain fell sixty-nine times to the ground, but the insect persevered, and the seventieth time it reached the top. This sight gave me courage at the moment, and I never forgot the lesson."

The Landscape Near Jerusalem.
The country about Jerusalem is essentially a pale country. Indeed, I often thought it looked stricken, as if its pallor had come upon it abruptly, had been sent to it as a visitation. I was not sorry that I saw it first under grayness and swept by winds. The grayness, the winds, seemed to me to emphasize its truth, to drive home its reality. And there was something noble in its candor. Even nature can take on an aspect of trickiness at times, or at least a certain coquetry, a daintiness not wholly free from suggestions of artificiality. The landscape in the midst of which Jerusalem lies is dreary, is sad; in stormy weather is almost forbidding. Yet it has a bare frankness that renders it dignified, a large simplicity that is very striking. The frame is sober, the picture within it is amazing, and neither, once seen, can ever be forgotten.—Robert Hichens in Century.

What Happened to Bill.
Mrs. Dixon was putting Frank, aged six, and Willie, aged four, to sleep with a bedtime story when she was suddenly compelled to answer the doorbell. Hastening away with the intention of immediately returning, Mrs. Dixon was detained by a caller. The boys grew restless. Finally, running to the top of the stairs, where he knew his mother could get a perfect view of him, Frank used nearly all his small stock of diplomacy in trying to attract his mother's attention without disturbing the visitor. After several futile attempts at gesticulations he called out in a loud whisper perfectly audible to both ladies below, "Mamma, you'd better come up," then in a most awe-inspiring tone adding, "'cause Bill's nose is comin' unwiped!"—Youth's Companion.

Tibetan Penal Code.
The Tibetan penal code is curious. Murder is punished with a fine varying according to the importance of the slain, theft by a fine of seven to one hundred times the value of the article stolen. Here, again, the fine depends on the social importance of the person from whom the theft has been committed. The harboring of a thief is looked upon as a worse criminal than the thief himself. Ordeals by fire and by boiling water are still used as proofs of innocence or guilt, exactly as was the custom in Europe in the middle ages. And if the lamas never inflict death they are adepts at torture.

Taken Literally.
The tramp approached the pompous gentleman and asked for a copper. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard," quoted the gent.

"Tain't no use, mister," answered the weary one. "Me aunt's jist as tight fisted as me uncle and me other relatives."—Exchange.

The Boy Told Him.
Father (after a long search)—Well, here it is. I wonder why one always finds a thing in the last place one hunts for it? Bright Boy—I s'pose it's cause after people find it they leave off looking.

She Still Lectures.
Mr. Tile—Your wife used to lecture before she was married. Has she given it up now? Mr. Mills—Well—er—yes—that is, in public.

Tommy's Reason.
"Tommy," the schoolma'am asked, "why are you scratching your head?" "Cause nobody else knows just where it itches."

To bear is to conquer our fate.
Campbell.

The Power of Paderewski.
A hard headed business man went to hear Paderewski play, says A. E. Thomas in Success Magazine. The man is not a musician. He spends his days trying to buy cotton when it is low and sell it when it is high. This is how he described his experience at the piano recital.

"You know, I'm not easily stirred up, and I don't know anything about music. I wouldn't know whether a man was playing the piano extremely well or just fairly well. But I do know that Paderewski played one thing that afternoon that stirred me up as I never was stirred in my life. I don't remember what it was. I couldn't have told whether he was playing an hour or five minutes. All I know is that it stirred up feelings within me I had never felt before. Great waves of emotion swept over me. I wanted to shout and I wanted to cry, and when the last chord was struck I found myself on my feet waving my umbrella and shouting like a wild Indian. I went out of that hall as weak as a rag and happier than I'd been in years. I can't account for it. I've tried, but I can't explain it. Can you?"

Burglar's Besetting Sin.
The burglar's besetting sin is heedlessness. The chances are that it was heedlessness that first drove him out of honest employment and made a burglar of him. The burglar ransacks a house and carries away a spoon holder, a card tray or some other inexpensive souvenir of the occasion, and he overlooks the thousand dollar bill on the dining room table and the rope of pearls on the towel rack. This heedlessness seems to be common to the whole fraternity. We do not know what the experience of other cities is, but in Newark the burglar leaves an astonishing amount of portable wealth behind him invariably. When he reads on the day after the robbery that he took Mrs. De Stille's chafing dish and ignored her \$5000 ruby bracelet beside it or that he upset the Pompléys' dresser drawer to get the revolver and failed to see the government bonds that lay in plain sight on the washstand, how he much gnash his teeth and hate himself for neglecting to develop his powers of attention and observation in his youth!—Newark News.

What "Garbled" Once Meant.
"Garble," "garbled," "garbler," are words which nowadays convey quite a different meaning from that which was formerly accepted. "Garbled" originally signified simply "to select for a purpose." At one time there was an officer, termed "the garbler of spices," whose duty it was to visit the shops and examine the spices, ordering the destruction of all impure goods. His duties were similar to those of the inspector of the modern health department, who forbids the sale of decayed vegetables or tainted meat. The word comes from a root meaning "to sift." The impurities sifted out have in the course of generations corrupted the term till a "garbled report" is no longer a report wherefrom all uncertainty has been removed, but one that is full of misrepresentation and made misleading with deliberate intent.

Mississippi Steamboating.
The steamboat age on the Mississippi began about 1821 and flourished for fifty years. As early as 1834 the number of steamboats on the Mississippi and its tributaries is estimated at 230, and in 1842 there were 450 vessels, with a value of \$25,000,000. But the golden era was from 1848 till the war. Never did the valley and steamboating prosper more than then. Thousands of bales of cotton were annually shipped to southern markets, and the wharfs of St. Louis and Memphis and Vicksburg and other large ports were stacked with piles of merchandise and lined with scores of steamers.—Travel Magazine.

Corrected.
It is the custom of a well known minister to point his sermons with either "dearly beloved brethren" or "now, my brothers." One day a lady member of his congregation took exception to this.

"Why do you always preach to the gentlemen and never to the ladies?" she asked.

"My dear lady," said the beaming vicar, "one embraces the other."

"But not in the church!" was the instant reply.

The Cruel Reason.
Mrs. Gossip—How does it come that Mrs. Newrich invited you to her party? I thought you were enemies. Mrs. Sharp—We are, but she thought I had nothing fit to wear and wanted to make me feel bad.

So Foolish.
"She is neglecting her game of bridge dreadfully."

"Why is she doing that?"

"Some silly excuse. Says the children need her, I believe."—Pittsburg Post.

An Ancient Custom.
"I wonder if men have always complained about the food their wives prepared for them," said one woman.

"I guess so," replied the other. "Adam started it."—Washington Star.

The New Cook.
Wife—This pudding is a sample of the new cook's work. What do you think of it? Hub—I'd call it mediocrity. Wife—No, dear; it's tapiccia.—Boston Transcript.

Disguised.
Customer—I'm going to a masked ball, and I want something that will completely disguise me.

Costumer—Certainly, sir. I will give you something nice.—Pale Male

PLANET PROBLEMS.

We Really Know Very Little Even About the Larger Heavenly Bodies.

"The amount of ignorance not yet removed concerning the planets is very great," writes E. S. Grew. "We do not know, for example, whether the planet Venus rotates. If it does it may possibly have a life and a vegetation like our own, though we suspect that it is clothed in eternal cloud. Of Saturn's rings we cannot say whether they consist of millions of tiny moons like brickbats or whether they may be even smaller still—a veil of shining dust. Of Jupiter we can only say that it is covered with clouds, though of their substance we know nothing, and, according to Professor Lowell and Sir William Huggins, some of the bands we see on it may be rifts in the clouds revealing the body of the planet. Little lines crisscross these bands. Photographs of Jupiter taken at Flagstaff observatory seem to indicate that these lines, too, are the upper clouds of Jupiter."

"But whenever we see a planet we see it badly. Even Mars, the most clearly revealed of them all, is constantly obscured by a refracting haze, so that even of the famous 'canals,' though nearly 500 in number, only a few are perceptible at a time, and an unskilled observer would probably not make them out at all. Sandstorms, sometimes snowstorms, sweep the surface of the planet, and because the winds of Mars are very gentle and slow moving these occurrences take a long time to pass by."—London Family Herald.

HE AMUSED THE CUBS.

Then the Young Lions Took a Turn at Amusing Him.

A negro attached to an African hunting party met with a curious adventure, says an English paper. Wandering one day from camp, he surprised two lion cubs at play and thoughtlessly commenced to amuse them. He was only too successful. The big cubs gambled fearlessly about him and to his dismay refused to desist when he wished to leave them.

Realizing the danger to which he would be exposed should the mother appear, he began to run, but the cubs refused to be shaken off and in their play scratched his legs in fearful fashion.

That the creatures were thoroughly enjoying themselves was evident from their manifestations of delight, and before long their unusual cries brought a lioness leaping to the spot.

Trembling in every limb, the negro faced the growling animal, while the cubs continued to jump up at him, eager for further caresses. The enraged lioness moved round uneasily in a circle, man and beast keeping their eyes steadily on each other. Several times the lioness crouched to spring, but the man, from fear, never shifted his gaze.

At length, after what seemed an age, when the negro was ready to drop from exhaustion, the animal suddenly called her cubs away and disappeared into the surrounding scrub.

An Artist's Struggles.

Professor von Herkomer, the famous painter, had such a struggle to gain a living in his early days that had it not been for his inexhaustible stock of patience and self confidence he would probably have abandoned art entirely. He sold his first picture for 2 guineas and later on earned for a short time a couple of pounds weekly for a woodcut which he supplied to a comic paper. This modest salary coming to a stop, he was at his wits' end to know what to do. He applied to a troupe of minstrels for an engagement as zither player, but in vain, and then took to designing carpets. For some years he battled with poverty, achieving no success until he obtained employment on a weekly illustrated journal.—London Globe.

First Oil Well.
In the year 1859 E. L. Drake of Titusville, Pa., drove the first oil well. Like other pioneers, he was regarded as a dreamer or a fool, and people laughed at the idea of tapping a subterranean oil lake. It was only by pretending that he was in search of a bed of salt that he was able to get drillers to work for him. When the borer had reached a depth of about seventy feet Drake found his anticipations realized, and he was the possessor of an oil well which, with the aid of a hand pump, yielded him twenty-five barrels a day.—New York American.

Malacca Sticks.
The most costly walking sticks come from the Malay archipelago, and the most highly prized stick is the malacca cane. To insure straightness these sticks are reared in glass tubes. A good malacca should be a yard long, not less than an inch in diameter at the upper end, perfectly straight and smooth and of a very dark chocolate color, slightly mottled. It should be used delicately, for the lacquer which gives it its beautiful gloss is easily chipped.—London Graphic.

But They Can.
Mrs. Muggins—When a girl is married she is apt to think her troubles are over. Mrs. Buggins—Yes; she does not seem to realize that things can go amiss with a Mrs.—Philadelphia Record.

Relief.
"My patience is taxed very often."

"Well, I notice you get relief in the usual way."

"What's that?"

"Swearing it off."—Baltimore American.

A SMALL BIRD.

But It Had a Mighty Swat When It Fell Dead Out of the Clouds.

W. M. Newsen tells of an amusing incident in which a dead duck displayed more activity than would a live one. The incident is as follows:

"We saw a small flock of broadbills approaching. They came directly for us, but unfortunately did not stop for our decoys. As they arrived almost over us we stood up and fired. I pulled on a nice plump looking drake. He started to fall, so I turned my second load loose rather promiscuously and then started to load up. Behind me Johnny was still shooting. Then Johnny yelled, and something hit me a mighty swat on the back of my neck, whereupon I tried to clean a big hunk of stone of its barnacles by means of my nose and front teeth. This may be pleasant to look upon, but it is not an enjoyable pastime."

"I had always liked Johnny, but the thought that he had hit me on the back of the neck and was now laughing was too much. I started for him with murder in my eye and a large driftwood stick in my hand. Johnny, still in fits of laughter, pointed behind me and mumbled some words about 'duck.' I looked around, and there behind me on the rocks was the same plump looking drake that I had shot at the first time. It was hard to realize that such a small bird had such a mighty swat."

"When Johnny had come out of his convulsions and I had picked the feathers out of my back hair we looked around a bit and found there were four dead broadbills, so I cheered up a bit. Johnny didn't need any cheering up."—Recreation.

HE WAS THANKFUL.

A Reporter Who Appreciated the Attentions of His Superior.

A reporter for a Philadelphia newspaper was sent up the state to act as staff correspondent in an important court trial. It was the reporter's first big out of town assignment, and his managing editor kept the telegraph wires busy with instructions and inquiries. For two days and two nights the reporter had received a dispatch from his office half hourly, and it began to get on his nerves.

At the end of the second day he worked until 2 o'clock in the morning, filed his last page of copy, received word that his story had been received, and he went to bed. Just as he was putting out the light the hotel porter appeared with the inevitable tray and the inevitable telegram. The reporter opened it and read:

"What time does court open in the morning?"

It was too much. He hated the sight of a telegram. He had been seeing the curse of the dispatches only to have them pursue him to bed. He sat down and wrote to his office the most courteous answer he could compose:

"Court opens at 9 o'clock in the morning. It is now 3. Thank you for waking me in time."—Philadelphia Times.

Balzac's Way.

Jules Sandeau relates that one time while living in Paris Balzac locked himself up in his room for twenty-two days and twenty-two nights, refusing to see any one and keeping the curtains closed and the lights continually burning even in broad daylight. The only human being he saw during this time was his servant, whom he rang for when he felt the need of food and which he washed down with numerous cups of coffee. He would throw himself on his bed only when entirely exhausted from lack of sleep, and he remained in complete ignorance of what was transpiring outside, the state of the weather and even of the time and day of the week. He only freed himself when he had written the word "End" on the last page of the manuscript he began when he entered his prison.

Coral That Shocks.

On the coast of the West Indian Islands a curious kind of coral is found, called "millepoce." This has a most extraordinary property which makes the people who know it very shy of handling it. The moment you pick up a piece of coral it thrills runs through you and an agonizing pain shoots through your jaws. You feel as if every tooth and every nerve and muscle connected with them was burning. The acute pain lasts generally for about half an hour and slowly passes off, but the effects do not disappear entirely for hours. The reason of this curious shock or poisoning is a mystery.

Not Dangerous.

"Madam, I thought I would tell you I met your husband awhile ago, as I heard he had started from home to kill a man he quarreled with."

"Oh, sir, tell me—was my poor William shot?"

"No, madam. Your poor William was only half shot."—Baltimore American.

Depressing Sight.

If there is anything more depressing than rain falling on an overturned tombstone or the sight of a dining room table covered with dirty dishes, what is it?—Atchison Globe.

He Knew.

Teacher—Now, Willie, tell us one of the principal events in Roman history and mention the date. Willie—Mark Antony went to Egypt cos he had a date with Cleopatra.—Harper's Bazar.

If you would hit the target aim a little above it. Every arrow that flies feels the attraction of earth.—Laughlin.